



IF THE WORLD WERE MERELY SEDUCTIVE,
THAT WOULD BE EASY. IF IT WERE MERELY
CHALLENGING, THAT WOULD BE NO PROBLEM.
BUT I ARISE IN THE MORNING TORN BETWEEN
A DESIRE TO IMPROVE THE WORLD,
AND A DESIRE TO ENJOY THE WORLD.
THIS MAKES IT HARD TO PLAN THE DAY.

— E.B. WHITE

A simple line drawing of a young boy with short, dark hair, wearing a t-shirt and trousers. He is holding an acoustic guitar and appears to be playing it, with his mouth open as if singing or strumming. The drawing is done in a minimalist, sketchy style.

TIM ERENETA'S

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OATMEAL

NUMBER 8





OATMEAL NO. 8

"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to know even one

life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded," said EMERSON, but he didn't know the half of it: before you can succeed you must endure. So: Eat lots of fruit, cover your mouth when you sneeze; practice kind acts of randomness and beautiful acts of senselessness if you can; Ask for directions but don't follow them too closely - the world likes a loose fitting interpretation; Nap if you have to; stop driving so much; never decline a back rub, ice cream, or a kiss; learn where you came from; brush your teeth; tell jokes, especially bad ones, with glee; sing old songs, seek out old friends, and, at all costs, avoid e-mail. "I still think of you, Jim Henson" is copyright 1993 Chris Aubry, who kindly let me reprint it in these pages. Chris currently produces an 8 page magazine size comic "Clayton Stiles" which is \$1.50 ppd from Chris at: 1128 W. MADISON, OTTAWA IL 61350. Ernie, Bert, Kermit © 1994 Jim Henson Productions. The rest of this zine is © 1994 Timothy Ereneta. Attention: Fifty cents and a kind word will get you this or any back issue, and a four issue subscription is \$2.00. Write to me at the address below and I'll write back. I love to trade zines, Not to be used as a life preserver. OATMEAL is published four times a year on recycled paper, though I'm looking at hemp and/or kenaf as alternatives. This issue was made possible through the generous donations of: RANDALL! ROSELYN! BRIAN & DANA! HANNAH! DAVID & CHRISTIE!

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OATMEAL

presents

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE!



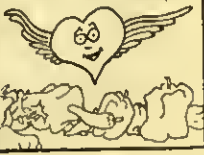
Issue Number One!
Tim introduces us to Fabulous and funky OAKTOWN!



Journey inside Tim's head in OATMEAL No. 2. Also: the evils of CONSUMERISM! AND LOTS OF JOKES FROM FAMOUS CARTOONISTS!!!



Number 3: the BROKEN HEART issue. CLASSIC self-pity Tim shows us his cool job. Includes AWESOME recipe!



TURTLES. Lots of TURTLES. Issue #4: TURTLES. Did I mention the TURTLES?



What's wrong with that?

OATMEAL No. 5? INCOMPREHENSIBLE. ECLECTIC MUSICAL REFERENCES. AT LEAST I'M IN IT.



ISSUE 6: TIM'S STUFF, Alphabetized. Don't ask why.



DON'T FORGET NO. 7 - VULTURES! URBAN RAIL! Tim's LOVE LIFE!



PREDICTIONS! WHAT WILL THE NEXT ISSUE FOCUS ON?



Tim's GRASS fed and split pea soup? No! Tim's GRASS fed and split pea soup? No! Tim's GRASS fed and split pea soup? No!





Those who say that there is no fall season here in California (except for the new crop of television shows) are sadly out-of-touch with their environs. It's a matter of light:

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past - there is a harmony

In autumn, and a luster in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had, not been.

Asian pears and winter squash decorate the farmer's market, along with the last crops of tomatoes and red peppers. Winds have a chill,

carry a hint of wood smoke, whip up memories of going to school. There's a tug, an urge to migrate, to hibernate, to visit old friends and sacred spaces, to seek comfort and draw a last breath before the long dark crisis of winter arrives.

Time to rethink your priorities: Money, career, school, relationship. Fear is back in season, I notice, as friends wrestle with angels and spiders hang their delicate and terrible webs just inches from my door.

It's fall. I can tell.

Besides, my street is lined with deciduous sycamores. One by one they turn their leaves from green, to yellow, to orange, to scarlet and wine. Look around. Shiver. Fall.



* OTHELLO COMPLEX: Name the poet, win a prize!

MY STORY SO FAR...

Moss Manor is too quiet - so I bring home three dozen new roommates.

Then I notice they chew with their mouths open. But I don't say anything.

CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH

but one of them lets it slip that they're not bike messengers at all, but ACTORS.
I say something.

OUT!



I'm not sure what gender these folks are - or even what species (I suspect *Eisenia foetida*) - but I'm not one to pry.



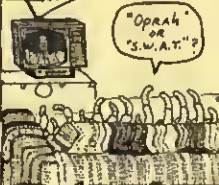
One day I find the toilet paper hanging from the back of the roll. I don't say anything.



They relocate to a box full of damp shredded newspaper on the patio, into which I toss vegetable peelings + used tea bags.



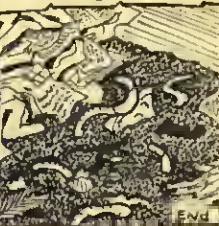
They claim to all be bike messengers - but they RARELY leave the house.



And when they mock my collection of Bing Crosby LPs, I cringe, but I don't say anything....



They love it - AND why shouldn't they? It's a steep up from being AN ACTOR.



END

THIS SUMMER, AT CAMP,
MY KIDS TAUGHT ME A SONG,
TO THE TUNE OF "JOHN BROWN'S
BODY" I'VE ASKED
TZARA TO SING
IT FOR US.



♪ I KNOW A SONG
THAT GETS IN EVERYBODY'S
NERVES!...



* KAKA "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC"

♪ I KNOW A
SONG THAT
GETS ON
EVERYBODY'S
NERVES!



♪...AND IT GETS ON
EVERYBODY'S NERVES!



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SOMETIMES YOUR TRAIL
BUDDIES WILL NEED
YOUR ENTHUSIASM...

COME ON, KIDS! WE'RE
ALMOST THERE!
REPEAT AFTER ME!

I'M A LEAN—
MEAN—
HIKING MACHINE!

SIGH— I'M A LEAN—
MEAN—

IT'S ALMOST
AS IF HE
WANTS US
TO PUT
SPIDERS IN HIS
SLEEPING
BAG...

HE TRIES
THIS AGAIN
AND I'M
FAKING
HEAT
STROKE

AND BE SURE TO BRING
A DECENT MAP!



DO THAT FOR
YOU FOR THIS?

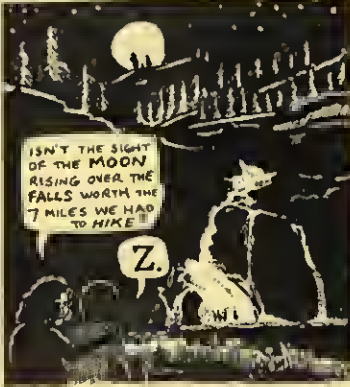
AND
KNOW
PROPER
FIRST
AID...

WE'LL HAVE
THAT SCRAPE
CLEAN BY
NO TIME...

ISN'T THAT
TANG?

ISN'T THE SIGHT
OF THE MOON
RISING OVER THE
FALLS WORTH THE
7 MILES WE HAD
TO HIKE?

Z.



WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION

OR
"THE ESSENTIALS OF BACKPACKING"

IF YOU'RE A FIRST-TIME BACKPACKER LIKE ME, BE SURE TO BRING ALONG ABOUT A DOZEN OR SO 6TH, 7TH & 8TH GRADE KIDS.



BRING LOTS OF TRAIL MIX, FROOT LOOPS, HOT CHOCOLATE, AND INSTANT NOODLES TO KEEP THEM HAPPY - BUT SAVE THE GAZPACHO, COUSCOUS, AND TIRAMISU FOR YOURSELF.

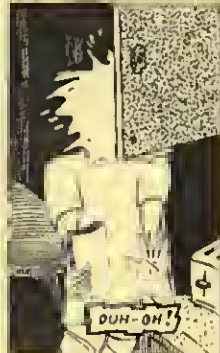
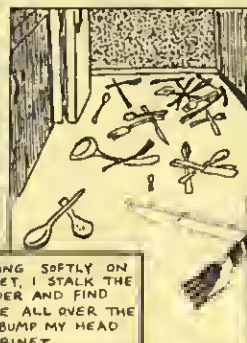
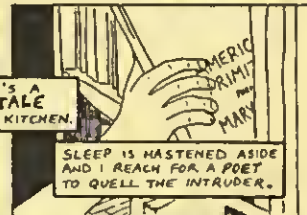
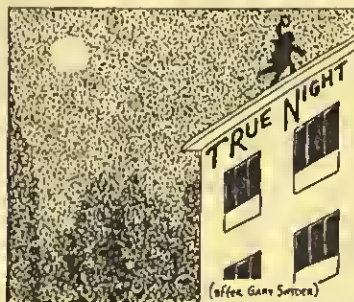


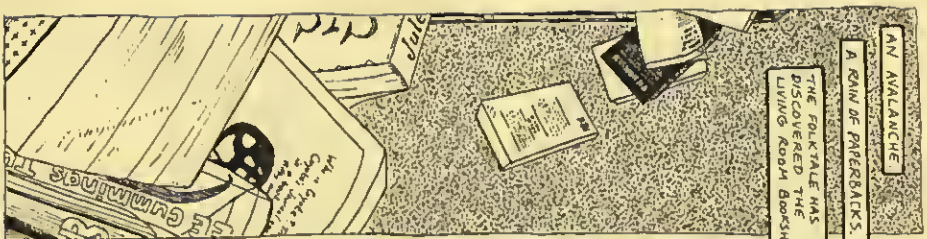
VERY IMPORTANT! TIE YOUR SHOES!

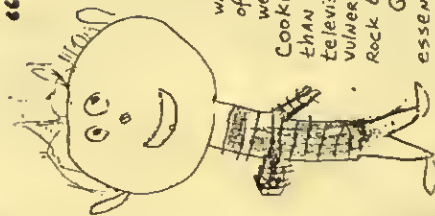


YOU DON'T HAVE TO CARRY

3 CANS OF MOSQUITO REPELLANT, 4 POUNDS OF RAISIN GRAN, 7 PAIR OF UNDERWEAR, A DEERBONE, ESPRESSO MAKER, FLARE GUN, ANT FARM, COMIC BOOKS, VIEWMASTER, TEDDY BEAR, AND A SANDAL - BUT TRY CONVINCING A 12-YEAR OLD FIRST-TIME CAMPER OF THAT....







"Follow your enthusiasm.

It's something I've always believed in, find those parts of your life you enjoy most.

Do what you enjoy doing."

These words from Jim Henson hung on the wall of the Discovery Museum in Savannah as part of an exhibit of his work. There, behind glass, were Ernie, Bert, the Count, Oscar, Grover, and Cookie Monster - actual puppets, and much smaller than I ever suspected. So large, so animated on television, they now appeared frail, tiny, and vulnerable. I wanted to cradle them in my arms and rock them to sleep gently, carefully, gratefully....

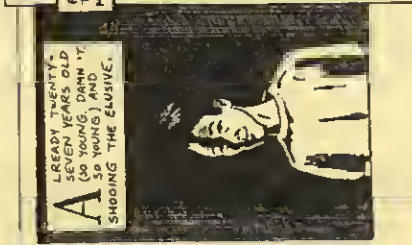
Quite a reaction, don't you think, to what are essentially sculpted pieces of polystyrene?

I grew up with

Sesame Street (it was born in 1969, myself in 1967) and The Muppet Show. Though I often revile television as a medium, I admire Jim for mastering it, making it his own. Bue cherishes and blesses his name for sharing with us his own world - a world so bizarre, so anarchic, so gentle, and so goddam funny, how could I not love it?

Much of my sense of humor and comic timing (and probably, too, my dreams and goals of making people happy) I owe to this man and the talented folks he gathered around him. Thank you, Jim Henson.... I miss you, too.

ERINNE
DECEMBER 1971



ALREADY TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD (SOME SAYING, DAMN IT, SO YOUNG), AND SHOOTING THE ELUSIVE.

FEET COLD, HE TURNED UP THE HEAT, MY GLADDER.

AND THE THIRSTY CARRY IS SECURE LIKE A FANDRITTE SWEATER.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS AGAIN, I SNUGGLE UP TO MY STEADY, COMING TO SOLITUDE, SHE LIES GRACEFULLY IN REPOSE.

MATCH BREATHING AND SLEEP COMES

I DREAM.



AND THE FOLKTALE WAVES AT ME FROM THE MIDDLE DISTANCE OF MY NEXT UNCONSCIOUS TRAVELOGUE.

I STILL THINK OF YOU, JIM HENSON

BY
CHRIS AVERY

ERNE AND BERT ARE © SOMEBODY ELSE.

